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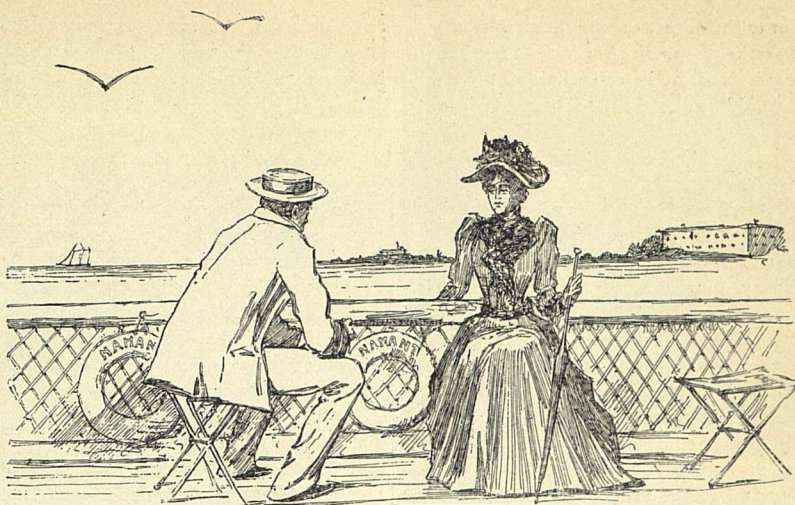
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From "The New Harry and Lucy." (Copyright, 1892, by Roberts Brothers.)

Out of the Beaten Track.

AFTER a winter in Europe, or perhaps at St. Augustine, or at Tampa, and a short enforced rest at Lakewood, the mercurial American immediately sets about making up his mind

where he will spend his summer. The difficulty with him is not a scarcity of attractions, but just the reverse. It is an embarrassment of riches that meets him on every side. Shall it be Newport, Bar Harbor, Narragansett Pier, or some other

cific Slope—but at present he is in search of something fresh and novel. So we come to his rescue, taking it for granted that he is the possessor of ample means and unlimited time. Our suggestions are in place also for the man or woman seeking rest simply after a long winter of work.

A charming summer trip, rich in new sensation, may be made to Alaska. With the breaking up of the winter's ice nature reveals herself here full of delightful surprises. The bold and picturesque scenery of the inland seas, the mineral wealth of the country and its rich and varied fauna and flora have been the delight of many recent travellers. M. M. Ballou in "The New Eldorado" describes a summer journey to Alaska, and gives an itinerary of the route followed by excursionists and also the usual guide-book information. "A Woman's Trip to Alaska," by Mrs. Septima M. Collis, the wife of General C. H. T. Collis, giving an account of a voyage made in the summer of 1890 through the inland seas of the Sitkan Archipelago, is a special plea for the attractions of this beautiful country. Another venturesome woman, Abby Johnson Woodman, relates her experience over the same route in "Picturesque Alaska." "Arctic Alaska and Siberia," by Herbert L. Aldrich, appeals both to the venturesome boys and the enterprising man traveller. It is the story of eight months spent with the Arctic whalers and is rich in adventure. In line with this is Willis



WRITING HOME.

equally fashionable resort? Mankind and womankind in a highly civilized state bear a monotonously similar appearance as does nature also after having been subjected to the hand of culture, and he shrinks from stereotyped types and scenes after his winter's experience.

Next summer he can "go West"—perhaps to the great Columbian Exposition and study the natives of the prairies and the types of the Pa-

Boyd Allen's "Gulf and Glacier," relating the wonderful experiences of the Percivals, a gay party of young people, in Alaska. If further information is sought in reference to the country we would refer the proposed visitor to Scidmore's "Journeys in Alaska," Karr's "Shores and Alps of Alaska," Henry W. Elliot's "Our Arctic Province," Schwatka's "Along Alaska's Great River," and Hubert Howe Bancroft's "History of Alaska."

Another enchanting spot almost unknown to the ordinary tourist is the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, in the Mid-Pacific Ocean. "One Summer in Hawaii," by Helen Mather, is an enthusiastic account of its beautiful tropical foliage and lovely moonlight nights and its exceptionally salubrious climate.

Once on the Pacific slope a voyage to Japan is not such an arduous undertaking. Many ladies have made and are making the trip alone. "The Land of the Rising Sun" offers so much that is novel that one is recompensed for all the time or trouble spent in getting there, if we are to accept the testimony of the author of "The Light of Asia"—Sir Edwin Arnold—who delighted many readers recently with his rose-color views of Japan's charming women and lovely skies, in "Seas and Lands" and "Japonica." To see Japan at its most beautiful moment, one must get there in "the cherry viewing time;" so it would be rather late this season to plan such a trip, but next spring, after studying the literature of the subject, you may start on your way. Two visits, covering a period of nearly three years, furnished material for "Jin-

rikisha Days in Japan," by Eliza R. Scidmore. She treats her subject in an entirely modern spirit and is very interesting. In "A Social Departure," written by Sara Jeannette Duncan, the two irreverent young women who went around the world alone spent a part of



MER DE GLACE.

their time in Japan. Their housekeeping experience is told with much fun and graphic powers of description. Mrs. Mason, in "Etchings from Two Lands," relates her experience as a missionary in Japan, and offers valuable information of the domestic life. Griffis' "Mikado's Empire" is a well-known work on Japan.

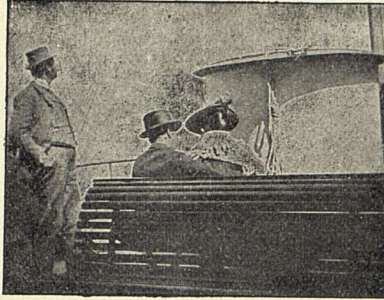
Our first intention was to give suggestions to the tourist of the male sex, but we find to our surprise that the women are the chief leaders in unconventional journeys to out-of-the-way places, and hope their courage and enterprise will inspire the men, and that their example will lead many more of their own sex to go and do likewise.

We see no reason why our own beautiful rivers should not be lived on and explored in the summer as the waters of England and France are. Two English girls, wanting a novel summer outing, hired a barge and the "bargee" for a few weeks, to make a trip on the Thames and the canals of England. The whole story, with the accompanying fun, is told by Cecil V. Cotes in "Two Girls on a Barge." They had a good time at a small expense. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, of bicycle fame, made a new and somewhat similar experience during August of a year or two ago. They hired a boat at Oxford and spent a month on the Thames River, rowing and sketching by day and camping by night. The incidents of the tour, charmingly described and illustrated, make a lovely book under the title of "The Stream of Pleasure." "The Warwickshire Avon" describes that part of England known as "Shakespeare's country," as seen from a small boat, in a leisurely tour down the beautiful Avon. Arthur T. Quiller-Couch's warm appreciation of the historic scenes amid which he floated is delightfully supplemented by Mr. Alfred Parsons' graceful sketches, making the volume an exceptional record of an exceptional summer trip. The most daringly unconventional heroine who has yet appeared in print is Miss Ménie Murial Dowie, a young Scotch girl, who went to East Galicia for a summer rest. She adopted a man's costume, and rode, swam and smoked like a man. Her adventures were novel in the extreme and made a notable volume with the title "A Girl in the Karpathians." "A Too Short Vacation" was taken last summer in Europe by two enterprising Philadelphia girls—Lucy L. Williams and Emma B. McLoughlin—the results being comprised within the covers of a pretty little book, whose unsteretyped and amusing text is adorned by pictures made by their own kodak. Sara Jeannette Duncan's "An American Girl in London," might also be mentioned here. It was a trip for pleasure made without a chaperone, resulting in a most interesting book. "Folly and Fresh Air," by a new English writer, sets forth the charm of fly-fishing in Devon, and gives an amusing picture of a young Londoner's vacation.

Other episodes "out of the beaten track," which do not require travelling outside of a limited area, but which recruited the health and

strength of the actors in them, are found in Kate Sanborn's "Adopting an Abandoned Farm" and in Mrs. Robbins' "The Rescue of an Old Place." They are both instructive, the first being excessively funny. "Home Life on an Ostrich Farm," by Mrs. Annie Martin, we think may likewise be included under our title. Her experience, though primarily a business one, was also one in search of health and rest. No more delightful book was issued last year than the account of her life in South Africa.

All the works quoted are among the cream of recent literature and may, aside from the information they impart, be read for simple amusement. Your bookseller will fill your order for any of them, and at the same time put you up a selection of the new novels, thus laying in a store of many solid hours of pleasure for the summer in the places mentioned or in any one of the many other delightful resorts the list of guide-books under "Books for Summer Travellers" points to.



ON LAKE LUZERNE.

Cost of a Three-Months' Trip to Europe.

From "A Too Short Vacation," by Lucy L. Williams and Emma V. McLoughlin. (Lippincott.)

OUR three-months' trip, including every expense from the time that we left Philadelphia until we returned to it, cost three hundred and fifty dollars. It is possible to go for much less; indeed, we have done it ourselves. But I doubt if any one else could do the same thing in the same way for less. We were travelling constantly, visiting over fifty different places, and went always to a hotel, never to a *pension*. The latter is cheaper, of course; but no number of dollars saved would make up to us for the wear and tear of being obliged to say "good morning," at least, and generally going through with the conventional and meaningless chatter of the table when we did not feel in the mood for it.

Our morning coffee and chocolate and rolls, with butter, honey or jam, we ate in our own room. Lunch and dinner we took whenever we chose. Lunch was usually steak or omelettes, or some appetizing fancy dish, a fine vegetable and potatoes, and dessert or fruit. But when we were walking we found it impossible to take more than a sandwich and a glass of wine or beer. We avoided the dismal *table-d'hôte* as much as we could, both because of the oppressive silence that it necessitated, watched as one is by all the other participants in that solemn function, and because we liked

to choose what we would eat. But we always had a regular dinner—soup, fish, entrée, joint or game, vegetables and desserts. Both for lunch and dinner we had a bottle of good wine, sometimes Johannisberger, sometimes champagne, though oftener a good Bordeaux or Rhine wine. Except in Paris we never thought of drinking *vin ordinaire*. We are not wine-drinkers at home, but we had no desire to be made sick by our devotion to temperance principles, and the water is said to be bad. Certainly its taste is not reassuring, and the addition of a little sour wine does not make it any better.

In Paris we patronized the dinners à *prix fixe*, and found the better class of them to be as cheap as *table-a-hôte*, or cheaper, and infinitely better, because more private (we always had to ourselves a particular table overlooking the gardens of the Palais Royal), because one was permitted to choose what one wished, and because, too, there was less restriction in regard to the hour. The Duval restaurants (*à la carte*) are very popular on account of their supposed cheapness, their pretty waitresses, with neat white caps and aprons over a black dress, and because it is a recognized fact that unattended ladies may safely venture in. They are not really cheap, however, for they serve always a small portion, barely sufficient for one.

"MIDSUMMER MIDNIGHT SKIES."

From *W. E. Henley's "Song of the Sword."* (Scribner.)

MIDSUMMER midnight skies,
Midsummer midnight influences and airs,
The shining sensitive silver of the sea
Touched with the strange-hued blazonings of dawn:
And all so solemnly still I seem to hear
The breathing of Life and Death,
The secular Accomplices,
Renewing the visible miracle of the world.

The wistful stars
Shine like good memories. The young morning wind
Blows full of unforgotten hours
As over a region of roses. Life and Death
Sound on—sound on . . . And the night magical,
Troubled yet comforting, thrills
As if the Enchanted Castle at the heart
Of the wood's dark wonderment
Swung wide his valves and filled the dim sea-banks
With exquisite visitants:
Words fiery-hearted yet, dreams and desires
With living looks intolerable, regrets
Whose voice comes as the voice of an only child
Heard from the grave: shapes of a Might-Have-
Been—
Beautiful, miserable, distraught—
The Law no man may baffle denied and slew.

The spell-bound ships stand as at gaze
To let the marvel by. The gray road glooms—
Glimmers . . . goes out . . . and there, oh
there where it fades,
What grace, what glamour, and what wild will,
Transfigure the shadows! Whose,
Heart of my heart, Soul of my soul, but yours?

Ghosts—ghosts—the sapphirine air
Teems with them even to the gleaming ends
Of the wild day-spring! Ghosts,
Everywhere—everywhere—till I and you
At last—dear love, at last!—
Are in the dreaming, even as Life and Death,
Twin ministers of the unoriginal Will.

Round About Covent Garden.

From *Pascoe's "London of To-Day."* (Roberts Bros.)

BOW STREET, now best known for its police-court and for the theatrical costumiers who make this thoroughfare and the streets adjoining their headquarters, was once the Bond Street of London. Those were the days when the oldest and most honorable of the coffee-houses "sacred to polite letters," "Will's," stood at the corner of Bow Street and Russell Street. The district was at that time fashionable. Macaulay's description of "Will's" has been very often quoted; it is in its way as classic as the classic spot itself: "Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze"—these, among others, comprised its *habitués*. "The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy, or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast."

When about a hundred years later Doctor Johnson, then still an obscure man, came to collect materials for the "Life of Dryden," there were only two old people living who could remember the glory of "Will's"—Mr. Swinney, successively director of Drury Lane and Haymarket Theatres (died 1754) and Colley Cibber, comedian and dramatic poet (died 1757). But before that time Steele and Addison had made the place once more famous, when Button's Coffee-house took the place of "Will's." This became Addison's resort, as "Will's" was that of Dryden. "Button's," sacred to the memory of England's greatest wits and essayists, was pulled down in 1865. "I myself remember to have seen it," writes Mr. Julius Rodenburg. "Often have I come into this neighborhood, standing between the two houses in the comparatively quiet street, to think of the departed times and men. On the right was Covent Garden, whose two piazzas, once highly fashionable, the Great and the Little Piazza, built after the designs of Inigo Jones, surrounded by red-brick houses with balconies, have long ago been changed into the famous market; on the left was Drury Lane Theatre, the old street and the theatre blackened by smoke and soot, if not by age. In a little side street, Maiden Lane, in the time of Queen Anne inhabited by the finest milliners, there lived, in the house of the 'White Peruke,' Voltaire (1728-30), when he was writing his 'Lettres de Londres sur les Anglais;' and before me, over the arches of the Adelphi, rose the terrace on which the 'New Exchange' bazaar showed its tempting treasures in gloves, ribbons and fine essences to the fair world in hoop petticoat and peruke. Will's Coffee-house alone survives; but it is now inhabited by a respectable butcher." It is needless to say that not a vestige of "Will's" now remains.

The Butterflies' Haunt.

From *"Folly and Fresh Air."* (Harper.)

BEFORE me extended a great vision of crimson and gold, of bearded wheat, ripe for the sickle, and poppies, gleaming alone or in clusters through it. Waves of dull gold rippled over the corn tops, and the scarlet flowers dappled their tide with brightness, flashing like vivid weeds in a Pactolian river. To my feet swept this rich and rustling harvest, to the foot of the wall that girdled all that other harvest of graves beyond. Here the herbage was green and rank and ripe with seed; grasshoppers chirruped among the tombs; little lizards, golden-eyed, sunned themselves on the lichen-stained memorials of the past: on the massive slab of slate, on the rough granite cross, on the simple wooden bars running from head to foot of the graves, much used of old, and still often to be seen remaining.

"After life's fitful fever," this seemed a last resting-place to envy. The rustic dead truly slept well in a spot as free and wild as had been their own rural lives of toil on the mountain fallows.

The soft murmur of voices and a subdued breath of organ music floated through the silence; a jackdaw praised God also to the best of his ability, cawing and pluming his shining purple wing on the weather-worn tower above me; great humblebees boomed past, laden with

sweetness; and the air danced and trembled over all, under a cloudless dome of summer blue.

Down the hedge of the cornfield extended a trailing wilderness of wild flowers. Silver-weed, sprightly toad-flax, dead nettles, white and red, an oxeye daisy or two, towering fox-gloves and others, whose names I knew not, all thrived here in friendly company and formed a butterflies' paradise.

A veritable kaleidoscope the beautiful insects made of it. Never before had I seen so many gathered together. The pale flame colored

ries; by the mill and its weeping willows; and below, by devious loops, to Hatton Rock, that the picnickers from Stratford know—a steep bank of marl covered with hawthorn, hazel, elder and trailing knots of brambles. In June this is a very flowery spot. The slope is clothed with creamy elder blossoms, and on the river's bank opposite are wild rose-bushes dropping their petals, pink and white, on forget-me-nots, wild blue geranium and meadow-rue. Over its stony bed the current, in *omne volubilis ævum*, keeps for our dull ears the music that it made for Shakespeare, if we could but hear,



UNDER THE WILLOWS.

from "Warwickshire Avon." (Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers.)

Brimstone, with his unique and shapely wing, adorned the dance, supported by the Small Tortoise-shell, in orange raiment, fringed with pearls. The Peacock, less active, occasionally sat himself by me to rest, while I admired with respect his rich brick-colored wings and their resplendent eyes. A Red Admiral, in gleaming uniform of black and scarlet, flitted over to see a friend, and many less notable flies, such as the Large and Small Whites, the Sociable Meadow Browns, and the Wall Butterflies were of the party; while tiny Blues and Small Heaths fluttered over from the moorland.

Paddling Down the Avon.

From "The Warwickshire Avon," by A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Harper & Bros.)

WE floated by flat meadows, islands of sedge, long lines of willows, by "the high bank called Old Town, where, perhaps, men and women, with their joys and sorrows once abided;" but now the rabbits only colonize it, under quiet alders; by Alveston, where we found boats, and a boat-house covered with "snowball" ber-

ries; by the mill and its weeping willows; and below, by devious loops, to Hatton Rock, that the picnickers from Stratford know—a steep bank of marl covered with hawthorn, hazel, elder and trailing knots of brambles. In June this is a very flowery spot. The slope is clothed with creamy elder blossoms, and on the river's bank opposite are wild rose-bushes dropping their petals, pink and white, on forget-me-nots, wild blue geranium and meadow-rue. Over its stony bed the current, in *omne volubilis ævum*, keeps for our dull ears the music that it made for Shakespeare, if we could but hear,

"O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low."

And somewhere he came on her, and coaxed the secret of her woodland music. But when that meeting was, and how that secret was given, like a true lover, he will never tell.

"Others abide our questions; thou art free;
We ask and ask; thou smilest and art still."

As we paddled down past Tiddington the willows grew closer. Between their stems we could see, far away on our left, the blue Edge Hills; and to the right, above the Warwick road, a hill surmounted by an obelisk. This is Welcome, and behind it lies Clopton House, a former owner of which, Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, built in the reign of Henry VII. the long stone bridge of fourteen Gothic arches, just above Stratford. In a minute or two we had passed under this bridge and were floating down beside the Memorial Theatre, the new Gardens and the brink of Shakespeare's town.

The Charmed Buck.

From *W. Bruce Leffingwell's "Manulito."* (Lippincott.)

WELLINGTON now had a good chance to shoot, for the deer was in the water, and he saw that the course it was taking would bring it into an opening within fifty yards of him. As the buck reached the shore he was temporarily concealed behind a fallen tree, and as he walked into view his back was towards the hunters. Wellington, with rifle levelled, waited for him to turn his body or head, but fortune seemed to favor the deer, for he walked swiftly away, giving no chance to secure a side or head shot. Wellington whistled slightly to secure the animal's attention, but he only hastened his gait. Despairing of getting a better shot, he aimed at the head just below the butt of the horns, and fired; as the rifle cracked the buck dropped in his tracks, and Kirtley yelled and danced like an Indian, but Wellington sprang towards the deer, drew his knife, and touched its point to the animal's throat. The effect was electrical, and the buck sprang to his feet, transformed into a beast of the most deadly character. His nostrils dilated, and there issued from them blasts of defiance and anger.

Wellington recognized his danger. The dog, young but brave, seized the animal by the throat; but the enraged buck seemed to see in the hunter his natural enemy, and before Wellington could go to a sheltering tree sprang with lowered antlers towards him, and the impetuosity of the charge carried hunter, dog and deer into the stream. As they struck the water the dog loosened his hold, then swam to the attack again. The water was shallow, perhaps four feet deep, which gave the buck a chance to exercise most, if not all, of his strength. As the dog neared the buck the enraged animal stood on his hind legs, raised his forefeet, and with a sickening crash his sharp hoofs, with scarce a second's variation, clattered upon the noble animal's head, and with a low moan the faithful brute sank lifeless beneath the water.

While this was going on Wellington had seized a log, whose end had drifted on the shore, and pulled it in front of him. He was none too quick, for now the maddened brute started towards him. It was the first time this king of the forest had been brought to bay, and all the animosity and fearlessness which had been concentrated in him for years suddenly broke forth. He surged the water before him, then, as if on land, he beat it in his pawing till it frothed and foamed with the whiteness of snow. His eyes were now a greenish-red and blazed with anger, while there was intermittingly ejected from his nostrils a "p-shew" like steam escaping from a leaking valve.

Wellington had been in close quarters before, and waited coolly for the attack, intending to keep the log between him and his enemy. The buck attempted to climb over this barrier, and as he did Wellington struck at his throat with his knife, making a deep incision in the animal's neck, which only increased its anger. It then tried to jump over the log, but the water held it back; again it attempted to climb over, and as it did Wellington seized it by its antlers, pulled its nose beneath the surface and tried to drown it, but the animal seemed possessed of endless strength, for it raised its head and shook him off. Again it tried to get at him over the log, and, infuriated himself, he struck at it again

and again with his knife, but the buck seemed to bear a charmed life. Determined to end the contest, Wellington advanced. The bucks sprang at him, and as he tried to avoid the plunge of its horns its sharp hoof struck his hand, cutting it to the bone, and his knife flew spinning from him and fell, yards away, into the river. A dull feeling of despair came over Wellington.

A Venerable Orchard.

From "*The Rescue of an Old Place*," by Mary C. Robbins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

BUT there is a charm about this unproductive old orchard, with its wilderness of venerable shrubs along the fence, that no thrifty modern row of fruitful trees will ever possess. As one sits there in the shade of a sunny day, with the white petals drifting down from their lofty boughs, there is a murmur of bees among the foliage, of robins chattering among the twigs, a rustle of leaves and flowers in the gentle breeze, that seems the essence of the many summers gone that have helped to swell their great boles, and to increase their majestic height. From under the arch of branches the green meadow is visible, with wooded hills rising from its margin, among which nestle cottages, white and red, with the faint smoke curling lazily from their chimneys, up to the blue sky flecked with round white clouds. How many years the old trees have looked out upon the quiet meadow, and for how many generations have they dropped their rosy fruit!

In this new country of ours we yearn for stability, for tradition, for something to link us with that past which goes back so little way behind us here. Perhaps grafts on these mossy limbs were brought from England by the early settlers who peopled the old colony. Under their shade the sturdy Puritan has leaned upon his spade and remembered the orchards of his native land, which he was never to see again; and now, as the vision grows before our dreaming eyes, we climb the ladder of the past, and are again in Lincolnshire, and the choir-boys are chanting softly in the distance, and the bells are ringing from St. Andrew's Church, of the other Hingham, the gray towers of which we see afar off, instead of the quaint spire of our old meeting-house, whose tenscore years of life seem so little in the older world, where they reckon time by centuries instead of decades.

We see the wide green fens, and the fallow fields besprinkled with grazing herds, the rich meadows where the lush grass grows, and where great crops repay the farmer's easy labor; the wolds with their chalk-hills, the thrifty hamlets, the sluggish rivers creeping to the sea, the Humber with old Hull at its mouth, the broad bay of the Wash, overlooked by English Boston, the level pastures by the swift-flowing Lindis, where the great tide came in. The bells from the great towers are ringing—is that the "Brides of Enderby" we hear?—and so we wander in a dream of the far past, till the boom of the bells resolves itself suddenly into the humming of bees, the venerable towers vanish in the shaggy trunks around us, and we are awake once more, under the bending boughs of the old orchard, with only a robin for a chorister.

Chiusi.

From Bourget's "Impressions of Italy." (Cassell.)

CHIUSI has, above all, its tombs, which are more numerous than those of Volterra, and one of which, called the tomb of the Simia or ape, contains paintings singularly well preserved. I turn my steps toward this depository—this is the official term—under the guidance of an old man of seventy. For how many years has this guide followed his occupation of showing to strangers the profaned asylums of the dead whom he is soon to join? We must either walk across the fields or follow up hill and down dale a clayey path soaked by the recent rains. But how charming, how almost smiling, has the autumn landscape again become! Again only oaks, russet and golden, and green juniper trees laden with dark berries are to be seen. And ever on the edge of the horizon gleam the waters of the Lake of Chiusi, with that beautiful, soft, pale brightness which lakes take under a cloudy sky. On the way we meet two boys hunting robins with bird-lime. They have arranged the sticks at the edge of a thicket, and set in the ground at a little distance a stake surmounted by a sort of black ball. The owl, fastened to this stake, flies around it. One of the boys, lying on the ground, imitates the cries of birds, and the robins, seeing the owl flying about and hearing the cries, approach through curiosity and allow themselves to be caught by the bird-lime. This cruel sport, which must have descended from primitive times, lends a wild poetic charm to the landscape at this hour. One can imagine a Melibeus or a Daphnis procuring in this way a precious gift for some Amaryllis or Neræa, in the days when Theocritus and Virgil transfigured in bucolics the rude village sports. The two boys, however, like true sons of a land of curiosities, immediately calculate that a hunt for tips will prove more profitable than a hunt for robin is. They collect their sticks accordingly, shut their owl in a basket, and prepare to follow the old guide as far as the tombs, ready to earn the few pennies they desire by obtruding their services on every possible occasion—guiding the traveller on a beaten path, lighting useless candle-ends that have found their way, who can tell how, into their pockets, when the guide himself holds a torch, explaining, finally, in their own way, the mural paintings, calling, for instance, angels the winged genii of the mysterious Etruscan theology.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

From "English Pharisees and French Crocodiles." (Cassell Pub. Co.)

It was between Boulogne and Folkestone, on a *mare contrarium*.

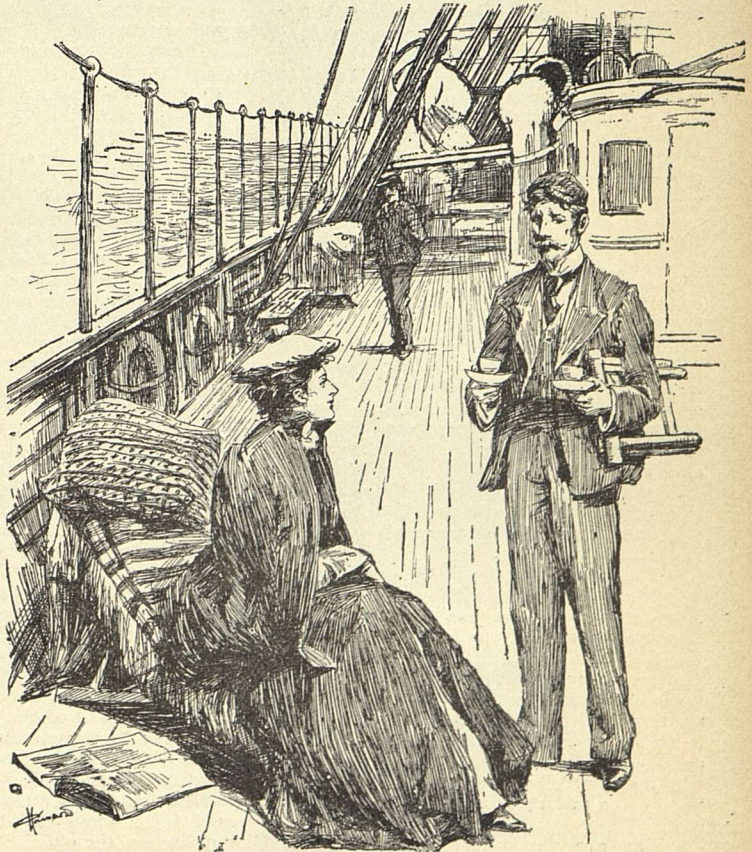
Seated quietly on deck, I was just dozing over a book, the author of which I will not name, since his volume had less power over my senses than the rolling of the boat. I was presently brought back to consciousness by the weight of a head laid on my shoulder. I opened my eyes, looked out of the corners of them; the head was a very pretty one, upon my word.

What was I to do?

To stay would be compromising; to get away suddenly would be ungallant and perhaps not without danger, for the poor little head might fall against the bulwarks of the boat. I re-closed my eyes, and made believe not to have noticed anything. All at once I heard a sweet voice in my ear:

"O Arthur! What shall I do? If you only knew how sick I feel. Oh! I must lean my head on your shoulder; you don't mind, do you?"

The situation was getting alarming. I kept my eyes closed, so as not to scare away the poor creature, who was evidently at sea in more senses than one. I kept quiet, buried in my wraps and travelling cap, and without moving my head just murmured, "I am really awfully sorry, madam, but I am not Arthur."



From "In a Steamer Chair." (Copyright, 1892, by Cassell Publishing Co.)

Mrs. Courtly Entertains Her English Friends.

From Hamilton Addé's "A Voyage of Discovery."
(Harper.)

"ONE would fancy you were from Chicago!" said Mrs. Courtly.

Now Chicago is to the Bostonians as the full moon is to a dog—they are never tired of baying at it.

"Well, then, I *am* from Chicago. I was there two weeks ago on business. And what do you suppose I saw in a shop-window? I can tell you it was something worth going to Chicago to see. Why, a statue of the Venus de Medici in a Jaeger's combination suit!"

"Great Scot!" cried a man from the farther end of the table, "Jaeger must be like the poet, *nascitur* but *non fit*. Poor goddess! 'To what base uses we may return, Horatio!' But we are a practical people. Beauty and utility with us go hand in hand. Indeed, you see that in this case they don't stop *there*."

"No," said one of the ladies, gravely. "Life has never been the same to me since I saw Lord Byron's head, with a chestnut wig upon it, in a 'tonorial saloon,' and a bust of the young Augustus at an optician's, with a pair of blue spectacles on his nose!"

Mrs. Frampton, meantime, was being questioned by her neighbor as to the route the travellers meant to take in going westward.

"I suppose you go through Chicago?" he said.

"Ask my nephew. I am as dough in his hands, and the dough is unleavened. It doesn't *rise* in the oven of your railway carriages. I dread the journey. By the bye, why *will* you call them 'cars'? My idea of a 'car' is the thing I remember as a child in my Roman history—Tullia trampling her father to death, you know—and so on."

"We don't trample our fathers, even when they are very much in the way; but we like short cuts for all that. Now 'car' is a short cut for a long carriage-drive."

"Oh! but I beg to say you don't *always* go in for shortness. You call a 'lift' an 'elevator,' and you always 'conclude' a thing, instead of 'ending' it. I must tell you frankly that we think those long words horrid."

"I am sorry for it," he replied, amused, "but we, on our side, think fashionable English slang, and a good deal of fashionable English pronunciation horrid. There is a lady here, lately returned from London, who speaks so beautifully that we can't understand more than half she says!"

Mrs. Frampton laughed. She was quite pleased with her neighbor. If he carried the war into the enemy's country, she felt justified in saying a tart thing.

"You mean that she no longer pronounces 'clerk' as if it rhymed with 'shirk' and 'work.' You get that, and the tendency to nasal intonation from your Puritan fathers. We retain a Cavalier broadness and boldness of utterance."

"Ah! I see the broadness and boldness," returned the American, with a humorous twitch of the lips. "Still, all evidence shows that Englishmen of Chaucer's day pronounced 'clerk' as it is written."

"Chaucer? Good heavens! you don't expect us to go on talking as they did in Edward III.'s reign?"

"Why are you to start from Charles II. rather than Edward III.? 'Clark' is an affecta-

tion that crept into the language in the seventeenth century, when it became the fashion to talk of *Jarvey* and *Barkley*. The latter I believe you still retain in fashionable parlance."

"Of course! The man or woman would be lost who spoke of *Berkly* Square."

"But worse than all is your fashionable pronunciation of Pall Mall. Why! you lose all the pleasant old association and courtly flavor of the 'Palace Mall' by calling it 'Pell Mell.' You might as well call it 'Helter-Skelter'!"

"Don't talk to me of association, or accuracy, or grammar, or anything else. Custom overrides all with us."

"The trouble is, that you will not allow it to do so with us," he returned, smiling.

"Really, I think we might be allowed to know how to speak our own language!"

"Not if you go on changing it all the time, according to the vagaries of fashion. When *we* have gotten hold of a word, we stick to it. Look at that poor word 'genteel,' which was such a useful servant to you all through the last century, and now you have kicked it into the gutter."

"It deserved kicking into the gutter. It had become so frayed and tarnished that it wasn't fit to wear. We have incorporated a number of new words into the language, so no one can complain because we discard one or two."

"If the new ones supplied the vacuum, but they do not. You have no word to replace 'genteel.' Your argument reminds me of a man who, having lost his boots, put on two hats and an overcoat!"

Thus they sparred amicably through that pleasant dinner, the least animated participant in which, beyond a doubt, was Mordaunt Balingier.

On the Bronx River.

From "A Day at Laguerre's," by F. Hopkinson Smith.
(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

It is the most delightful of French inns, in the quaintest of French settlements. As you rush by in one of the innumerable trains that pass it daily, you may catch glimpses of tall trees trailing their branches in the still stream—hardly a dozen yards wide—of flocks of white ducks paddling together, and of queer punts drawn up on the shelving shore or tied to soggy, patched-up landing stairs.

If the sun shines, you can see, now and then, between the trees a figure kneeling at the water's edge, bending over a pile of clothes, washing—her head bound with a red handkerchief.

If you are quick, the miniature river will open just before you round the curve, disclosing in the distance groups of willows, and a rickety foot-bridge perched up on poles to keep it dry. All this you see in a flash.

But you must stop at the old-fashioned station, within ten minutes of the Harlem River, cross the road, skirt an old garden bound with a fence and bursting with flowers, and so pass on through a bare field to the water's edge, before you catch sight of the cosy little houses lining the banks, with garden fences cutting into the water, the arbors covered with tangled vines, and the boats crossing back and forth.

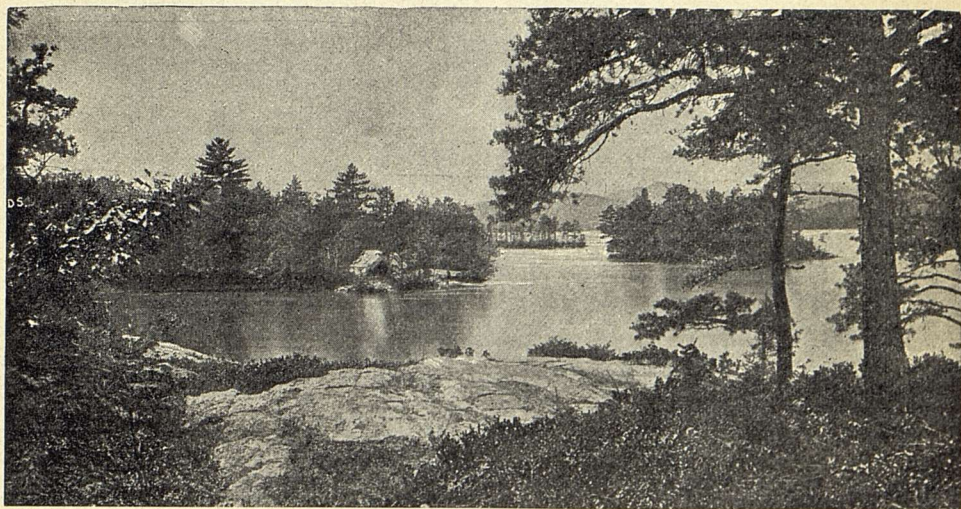
I have a love for the out-of-the-way places of the earth when they bristle all over with the quaint and the old and the odd, and are mouldy with the picturesque. But here is an in-the-way

place, all sunshine and shimmer, with never a fringe of mould upon it, and yet you lose your heart at a glance. It is as charming in its boat life as an old Holland canal; it is as delightful in its shore life as the Seine, and it is as picturesque and entrancing in its sylvan beauty as the most exquisite of English streams.

The thousands of work-a-day souls who pass this spot daily in their whirl out and in the great city may catch all these glimpses of shade and sunlight over the edges of their journals, and any one of them living near the city's centre, with a stout pair of legs in his knickerbockers and the breath of the morning in his heart, can reach it afoot any day before breakfast; and yet not one in a hundred knows that this ideal nook exists.

Even this small percentage would be apt to tell of the delights of Devonshire and of the charm of the upper Thames, with its tall rushes and

and a half miles north-by-east from Marquette. It is a deadly reef rising in a few points, and to the height of a few inches, above the surface of the lake. Undistinguishable in calm weather, its presence would only be made known to the mariner in storms by the seething foam that marked its resistance to the angry waves. It was, fortunately, discovered and definitely located a number of years ago by a vessel captain whose name it bears. The government has built upon its northern end a massive lighthouse, whose flashing white light, a hundred feet above the surface of the lake, gives warning to sailors eighteen miles away of the dangers that surround it. Thus it is robbed of its terrors, and becomes, instead of a constant menace to navigators, a guide to the venturesome angler who seeks excitement and his fill of sport. Southwest from the light, distant perhaps a quarter of a mile, there is a submerged plateau,



WHERE THE TROUT THRIVE.

From "*American Game Fishes*." (Copyright, 1892, by Rand, McNally & Co.)

low-thatched houses and quaint bridges, as if the picturesque ended there; forgetting that right here at home there wanders many a stream with its breast all silver that the trees courtesy to as it sings through meadows waist-high in lush grass—as exquisite a picture as can be found this beautiful land over.

So, this being an old tramping ground of mine, I have left the station with its noise and dust behind me this lovely morning in June, have stopped long enough to twist a bunch of sweet peas through the garden fence, and am standing on the bank waiting for some sign of life from Madame Laguerre's.

A Famous Spot for Lake Trout.

From "*American Game Fishes*." (Rand, McNally & Co.)

ONE of the most famous spots for lake trout fishing that is at present known to anglers is Stannard's Rock, in Lake Superior, forty-four

lying north and south, and covered by eighteen or twenty feet of water. This is where the trout are to be found in seemingly countless numbers. The lighthouse-keepers must find the place for you, and you must scale the outside of the lighthouse-tower to find the keepers. Genial men they are when found, and trusty, leading a life of solitude that would be unbearable were it not for the constant duties that engross their time. If you go to see them, reader, take with you fresh meat and vegetables—not as a bribe—they do not need it—but to vary the monotony of the salt pork and canned goods diet to which they are necessarily so much restricted. I wish I could give the names of the men who greeted our party with so much courtesy and showed us such kindly attention; but, alas, the log of the *Argo* is deficient in this regard. It matters not whether they are still there, or have been transferred to other fields of usefulness, the lighthouse-keepers will gladly go and buoy the spot and set you fishing.

Camping Out.

From "A Man and a Woman," by Stanley Waterloo.
(F. J. Schulte & Co.)

THERE was a creaky turn of the wagon, a disembarkment, and an unloading of various things. There was all the kit for a hunter of the northern woods, and there were things in addition which indicated that the hunter was not alone this time. There was a tent which had more than ordinarily selected fixtures to it, and there were two real steamer-chairs with backs, and there were four or five of what in the country they call "comforts," or "comforters," great quilts, thickly padded, generally covered with a design in white of stars or flowers on beaming red, and there were rods and guns and numerous utensils for plain cooking.

The wagon with its horses and its driver turned about and tumbled along the roadway on its return, and there were left alone in the forest, miles from civilization, miles from any human being save the driver fast leaving them, the man and woman and the setter dog.

They did not appear depressed or alarmed by the circumstance.

The load from the wagon had been left in a heap. The man pulled from it a camp-chair with a back, and opened it, and set it up on the grass very near the edge of the glade, and announced that the throne was ready for the Empress, not of Great Britain and India, nor of any other part of the earth, but of the World; it was ready, and would she take her seat?

He explained that, as, at present, there were some things she didn't know anything about, she might as well sit in state. So the Empress, who was not very big, sat in state.

The dog had pursued a rabbit and was making a fool of himself. The man selected from among the baggage left an ax, heavy and keen, and attacked a young spruce tree near. It soon fell with a crash, and the Empress leaped up, but to sit down again and look interestedly at what was going on.

The man, the tree fallen, sheared off its wealth of fragrant tips, and laid the mass of it by the side of the great tree. Then from out the wagon's leavings he dragged a tent, a simple thing, and, setting up two crotched sticks with a cross-pole, soon had it in its place. He carried the mass of spruce-tips by armfuls to the tent and dumped them within it until there was a great heap of soft, perfumed greenness there. Then, over all, he spread a quilt or two, and announced, with much form, to her majesty, that her couch was prepared for her, and that she could sit in the front of the tent if she wished.

And he cut and put in place two more forked stakes, with a cross-bar, and hung a kettle and built a fire beneath, and brought water and got out a frying-pan and bread and prepared for supper. All articles not demanded for immediate use were stowed away just back of the tent. "And," he remarked, "there you are."

The Empress rose from her camp-chair and investigated.

"Are we to sleep in the tent, Grant?"

"Yes."

"What will we do if it rains?"

"Stay in the tent."

"But we'll get wet, won't we?"

"No; we'll be upon the spruce-tops; the water will run under us."

"Aren't there animals in the wood?"

"Yes."

"What will you do if they come about?"

"I think I'll kiss you."

The Empress of the World did not seem to fully enter into the spirit of his carelessness.

She had her imaginings, after all. She knew that she was all right, somehow, yet she did not quite comprehend. But she knew her royalty.

She rose and went to the entrance of the tent, and stepped in daintily, and sat down in another chair which had been placed there for her reception, and then inhaled all the sweetness of the spruce-tips, and pitched herself down upon the quilts, and curled herself up there for a moment or two, and then rose and came out again into the open, where her husband stood watching her.

SHILLIN' A DAY.

From Rudyard Kipling's "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads." (Macmillan.)

My name is O'Kelly, I've heard the Revelly
From Birr to Bareilly, from Leeds to Lahore,
Hong-Kong and Peshawur,
Lucknow and Etawah,
And fifty-five more all endin' in "pore."
Black Death and his quickness, the depth and the
thickness
Of sorrow and sickness I've known on my way,
But I'm old and I'm nervis,
I'm cast from the Service,
And all I deserve is a shillin' a day.

Chorus.

Shillin' a day,
Bloomin' good pay—
Lucky to touch it, a shillin' a day!

Oh, it drives me half crazy to think of the days I
Went slap for the Ghazi, my sword at my side,
When we rode Hell-for-leather,
Both squadrons together,
That didn't care whether we lived or we died.
But it's no use despairin', my wife must go charin'
An' me commissairin' the pay-bills to better;
So if me you be'old
In the wet and the cold,
By the Grand Metropold, won't you give me a letter?

Full Chorus.

Give 'im a letter—
Can't do no better;
Late Troop-Sergeant Major an' runs
with a letter!
Think what 'e's been,
Think what 'e's seen,
Think of his pension an'
GAWD SAVE THE QUEEN!

A Visit to Bleak House.

From Morris Phillips' "Abroad and At Home." (Brentano's.)

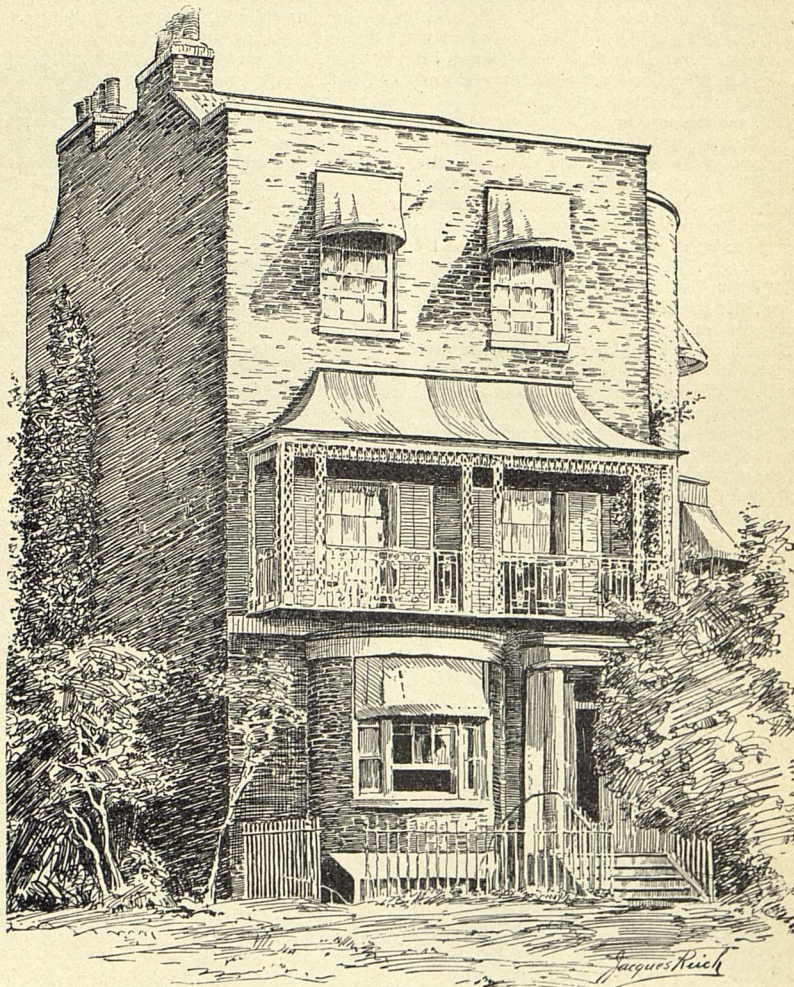
BLEAK HOUSE, the scene of the novel of that name, is near the village of St. Albans, about twenty miles from London, and is described in the early part of the story as an "old-fashioned house with three peaks in the roof in front and a circular sweep leading to the porch." That there was more than one Bleak House in the mind of Dickens "there can be no possible probable manner of doubt," as Gilbert sings in "The Gondoliers," because at the close of the story one of the characters in it is made to say, "Both houses are your home, my dear, but the older Bleak House claims priority."

But the "Bleak House" which was for many years the home of Charles Dickens, and where he wrote many of his novels, was so named by the author after his famous story. It is located in the old-fashioned village of Broadstairs, on the North Sea, in the county of Kent, the gar-

den of England, and is seventy-two miles from London, on the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. The population is given in the latest census as two thousand two hundred and sixty-three.

The House was formerly called Fort House, from its proximity to the British fortifications on the coast. It stands directly on the top of the chalk cliffs, seventy-five feet above the water, quite alone, and so near to the edge that from the portico a stone might be easily thrown into the surf—what little surf there is. It commands

Bleak House is a plain, substantial, compact, three-story structure of burnt brick. It has grounds of one and a quarter acres in extent, and the property is what is called in England "freehold;" value, two thousand seven hundred pounds sterling. A stone wall five feet high encloses the house on two sides. One side of the house is a flat, blank wall, evidently planned so that an extension could be easily made, and the lower part of the front is protected by plain iron railings. The entrance is by a low flight of five steps leading up to a portico and door-



BLEAK HOUSE.

From Morris Phillips' "Abroad and at Home." (Brentano's.)

a wide view of the ocean. In the southwest it looks toward Ramsgate, a seaside pleasure resort distant five miles, in the northeast, toward Kingsgate. The house is appropriately named, for it is indeed bleak from Christmas until April, when the cold, biting northeast winds, for which these parts are noted, blow with all their might. . . .

way, supported by Doric columns. Next the doorway, on the first story, a semicircular bay-window projects, and on the second story are two deep windows which open upon a pretty ornamental iron balcony, having a curved, sloping roof. A great deal of ivy softens the bareness of the architecture. It climbs up the walls and around the bay-windows.

Ezekiel's Wooing.

From Edmund Janes Carpenter's "Woman of Shawmut." (Little, Brown & Co.)

"I CAME, Ezekiel, hoping mayhap to find some of the early mayflowers, which blossom here. But they seem shy as yet."

"Hast found none, then?"

"Only these," said the maiden, as she laid her finger upon a small spray of the delicate pink blossoms, which peeped forth from the folds of her kerchief.

"I sorrow for thy disappointment. But mayhap the blame may be with me."

"With thee, Ezekiel?"

"Yea, with me, Penelope."

"Thou speakest in riddles," said the girl.

"Nay, not so, for here behold the proof," said Ezekiel, as he drew forth from the ample crown of his hat, which he had held carefully before him, a large bunch of the fresh arbutus. The dew still sparkled on the delicate petals. The girl dropped her eyes in embarrassment, and with one foot pushed away the dry leaves and softly tapped the ground.

"Wilt thou not take them, Penelope?" asked Ezekiel. "I plucked them for thee."

"For me, Ezekiel?"—and the blue eyes glanced up wonderingly.

"For thee alone, Penelope. Wilt thou not take them?"

"In truth, Ezekiel, and I would like them," answered Penelope.

Ezekiel stepped quickly to the girl's side, and placed the blossoms in her hand. Their eyes and their fingers met, and with the glance and touch the blossoms fell upon the ground.



EZEKIEL AND PENELOPE.

From "A Woman of Shawmut." (Little, Brown & Co.)

Both blushed, then laughed. Ezekiel dropped upon one knee, and, casting his hat upon the ground, gathered the scattered blossoms. Then, still kneeling, he again offered them to the blushing girl.

"But stay," said he, hesitating, "mayhap thou wilt drop them again."

"Indeed, good Master Ezekiel, it was thou, not I, who dropped them," said Penelope, with a little show of indignation and a deeper blush.

"Was it I, fair mistress? Mayhap it was. Stay yet again, and let me bind them for thee;" and Ezekiel quickly plucked the ribbon from his knee and twisted it about the blossoms. "Wilt thou not take them now, Penelope?"

"And I thank thee for them, Ezekiel," said the girl, as she bent forward. Again their eyes met, and again the young man felt the soft touch of her fingers; and as she took the flowers, one long braid of fair hair fell from her shoulder and rested upon his knee.

"Wilt thou not give me one back for a remembrance?" asked Ezekiel.

"Truly, if it would please thee, Ezekiel," was the answer; and selecting a fine spray of the blossoms, she fastened it in his collar.

How to Grow Ferns.

From Cooke's "A Fern Book for Everybody." (F. Warne & Co.)

FERNS may be grown in pots with great success. The common deep flower pots are as good as any for the purpose, and it is as injurious to put in too many "corks" for drainage as too few; moderation is best, and as a rule, what would be considered good drainage for ordinary pot-plants will answer very well for ferns. From whatever soil they may be taken, it is surprising how soon ferns will accommodate themselves to the loam in which they are usually grown. The rock-loving species are best grown in a mixture of broken brick-bats, old mortar and sandy loam, taking care that they are not stinted of moisture during the summer and but slightly moistened during the winter. We have found that all the plants which required to be transferred to larger pots may be removed as well in the early spring as at any other season of the year, and much better than during the winter. A great deal is said and written about plenty of light and air, but too much of either is certainly a disadvantage in fern culture. At all times of the year, except about three months in the winter, we should certainly recommend shading them more or less, according to the strength of sunlight. Water is another point on which theory and practice often differ. Ferns will certainly never flourish in a dry, powdery condition of the soil, nor will they continue to do so when it is permanently saturated with moisture. A moist atmosphere is better than all the syringing in the world; in fact, the continual squirting of water over the foliage and crowns of many ferns, except the hardiest, is simply dooming them to death. Rain-water in moderation, no direct glare of sunlight, gradual admission of air when the temperature is too high, and the careful destruction of small slugs and all similar pests are the best rules to remember.



"Dey went ter frolickin' up an' down de fiel."

From "On a Plantation." (Copyright, 1892, by D. Appleton & Co.)

Mink.

From Harris' "On the Plantation." (Appleton.)

MR. SNELSON had been a tramp and almost a tragedian, and he was pleased on many occasions to give his little apprentice a taste of his dramatic art. He would stuff a pillow under his coat and give readings from *Richard III.*, or wrap his wife's mantilla about him and play *Hamlet*. When tired of the stage he would clear his throat and render some of the old ballads, which he sang very sweetly indeed.

One night, after the little domestic concert was over and Joe was reading a book by the light of the pine-knot fire, a great fuss was heard in the hen-house, which was some distance from the dwelling.

"Run, John," exclaimed Mrs. Snelson; "I just know somebody is stealing my dominicker hen and her chickens. Run!"

"Let the lad go," said Mr. Snelson, amiably. "He's young and nimble, and whoever's there he'll catch 'em. Run, lad! and if ye need help, lift your voice and I'll be wit' ye directly."

The dwelling occupied by Mr. Snelson was in the middle of a thick wood, and at night, when there was no moon, it was very dark out of doors; but Joe Maxwell was not afraid of the dark. He leaped from the door and had reached the hen-house before the chickens ceased cackling and fluttering. It was too dark to see anything, but Joe, in groping his way around, laid his hand on Somebody.

His sensations would be hard to describe. His heart seemed to jump into his mouth, and he felt a thrill run over him from head to foot. It was not fear, for he did not turn and flee. He placed his hand again on the Somebody and asked:

"Who are you?"

Whatever it was trembled most violently and the reply came in a weak, shaking voice and in the shape of another question:

"Is dis de little marster what come fum town ter work in de paper office?"

"Yes; who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"I'm name Mink, suh, an' I b'longs to Marse

Tom Gaither. I bin run'd away an' I got dat hongry dat it look like I bleedz ter ketch me a chicken. I bin mighty nigh famished, suh. I wish you'd please, suh, excusen me dis time."

"Why didn't you break and run when you heard me coming?" asked Joe, who was disposed to take a practical view of the matter,

"You wuz dat light-footed, suh, dat I ain't hear you. an' sides dat, I got my han' kotch in dish yer crack, an' you wuz right on top er me 'fo' I kin work it out."

"Why don't you stay at home?" asked Joe.

"Dey don't treat me right, suh," said the negro, simply. The very tone of his voice was more convincing than any argument could have been.

"Can you get your hand ou

of the crack?" asked Joe.

"Lord, yes, suh; I'd 'a done got it out fo' now, but when you lipt on me so quick all my senses wuz skeered out'n me."

"Well," said Joe, "get your hand out and stay here till I come back, and I'll fetch you something to eat."

"You ain't foolin' me, is you, little marster?"

"Do I look like I'd fool you?" said Joe, scornfully.

"I can't see you plain, suh," said the negro, drawing a long breath, "but you don't talk like it."

"Well, get your hand loose and wait."

As Joe turned to go to the house, he saw Mr. Snelson standing in the door.

"It's all right, sir," the youngster said.

"None of the chickens are gone."

"A great deal of fuss and no feathers," said Mr. Snelson. "I doubt but it was a mink."

"Yes," said Joe, laughing. "It must have been a Mink, and I'm going to set a bait for him."

"In all this dark?" asked the printer. "Why, I could stand in the door and crush it wit' me teeth."

"Why, yes," said Joe. "I'll take some biscuit and a piece of corn bread, and scatter them a round the hen-house, and if the mink comes back he'll get the bread and leave the chickens alone."



MINK.

From "On a Plantation." (Copyright, 1892, by D. Appleton & Co.)

A DAY IN JUNE.

From "The Dead Nymph, and Other Poems," by Charles Henry Lüders. (Scribner.)

FOR circling miles the shimmering landscapes swoon,
 Stirless save where, from whispering tree to tree,
 The restless song-birds flutter ceaselessly,
 Or unto happy hearts their throats attune.

All through the long, delicious afternoon
 The clover-blossoms, bending to the bee,
 Sway in the wind, that, blowing sweet and free,
 Is scented with the honeyed breath of June.

Lying at length amid the nodding grass
 With all the world a-slumber at my feet,
 This perfect day with joy my being fills:
 Here could I dream and let a lifetime pass,
 While balmy gusts made billowy the wheat
 Paling to gold upon the misty hills.

Modern Methods of Reviewing.

From F. Marion Crawford's "The Three Fates." (Macmillan.)

AFTER cutting a score of pages, he began to look for the editor's letter. The volumes had been sent him for review, and were accompanied by the usual note, stating with appalling cynicism the number of words he was expected to write as criticism of each production.

"About a hundred words apiece," wrote the literary editor, "and please return the books with the notices on Monday at twelve o'clock, at the latest."

It was Thursday to-day, and there were six volumes to be read, digested and written about. George made a short calculation. He must do two each day, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, in order to leave himself Monday morning as a margin in case of accidents. Six books, six hundred words, or rather more than half a column of the paper for which he wrote. That meant five dollars, for the work was well paid, as being supposed to require some judgment and taste on the part of the writer. There was of course nothing of much importance in the heap of gayly-bound printed matter, nothing to justify a serious article, and nothing which George would care to read twice. Nevertheless the exigencies of the book trade must be satisfied, and notices must appear, and editors must find persons willing and able to write such notices at prices varying from fifty cents to a dollar apiece. Nor was there any difficulty about this. George knew that the pay was very good as times went, and that there were dozens of starving old maids and hungry boys who would do the work for less, and would perhaps do it as well as he could. Nor was he inclined to quarrel with the conditions which allowed him so short a time for the accomplishment of such a task. He had worked at second-class reviewing for some time, and was long past the period of surprises. On the contrary, he looked upon the batch of publications with considerable satisfaction. The regularity with which such parcels had arrived during the last few months was a proof that he was doing well, and it seemed probable that in the course of the coming year he might be entrusted with more important work. Once or twice already he had been instructed to write a column, and those were white days in his recollections. He felt that with a permanent engagement to produce a column a week he should be doing very well, but he knew how hard that was to obtain. No one who has not earned his bread

by this kind of labor can have any idea of the crowd that hangs upon the outskirts of professional journalism; a crowd not seeking to enter the ranks of the regular newspaper men, but hoping to pick up the crumbs that fall from the table which appears to them so abundantly loaded. To be a professional journalist in America a man must in nine cases out of ten begin as a reporter. He must possess other qualifications besides those of the literary man. He must have a good knowledge of shorthand writing and a knack for the popular style. He must have an iron constitution and untiring nerves. He must be able to sit in a crowded room under the glaring gaslight and write out his impressions at an hour when ordinary people are in bed and asleep. He must possess that brazen assurance which sensitive men of taste rarely have, for he will be called upon to interview all sorts and conditions of men when they least expect it, and generally when they least like it. He must have a keen instinct for business, in order to outwit and outrun his competitors in the pursuit of news. Ever on the alert, he must not dwell upon the recollections of yesterday lest they entwine themselves into the reports of to-day. Altogether, the commencing journalist must be a remarkable being, and most remarkable for a set of qualities which are not only useless to the writer of books, but which, if the latter possessed them, would notably hinder his success. There is no such thing as amateur journalism possible within the precincts of a great newspaper's offices, whereas the outer doors are besieged by amateurs of every known and unknown description.

In the critical and literary departments, the *dilettante* is the cruel enemy of those who are driven to write for bread, but who lack either the taste, the qualifications or the opportunities which might give them a seat within, among the reporters' desks. Cruellest of all in the eyes of the poor scribbler is the well-to-do man of leisure and culture who is personally acquainted with the chief editor, and writes occasional criticisms, often the most important, for nothing. Then there is the young woman who has been to college, who lacks nothing, but is ever ready to write for money, which she devotes to charitable purposes, thereby depriving some unfortunate youth of the dollar a day which means food to him, for whose support the public is not already taxed. But she knows nothing about him, and it amuses her to be connected with the press, and to have the importance of exchanging a word with the editor if she meets him in the society she frequents. The young man goes on the accustomed day for the new books. "I have nothing for you this week, Mr. Tompkins," says the manager of the literary department as politely as possible. The books are gone to the Vassar girl or to the rich idler, and poor Tompkins must not hope to earn his daily dollar again till seven or eight days have passed. His only consolation is that the dawdling *dilettante* can never get all the work, because he or she cannot write fast enough to supply the demand. Without the spur of necessity it is impossible to read and review two volumes a day for any length of time. It is hard to combine justice to an author with the necessity for rushing through his book at a hundred pages an hour. It is indeed important to cut every leaf, lest the aforesaid literary manager should accuse poor little Mr. Tompkins of carelessness and superficial-



OLD WORCESTER IN "JAPAN TASTE."

From "China Collecting in America." (Copyright, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

ity in his judgment; but it is quit impossible that Tompkins should read every word of the children's story-book, of the volume of second-class sermons, of the collection of fifth-rate poetry, and of the harrowing tale of city life, entitled "The Bucket of Blood; or, the washerwoman's revenge," all of which have come at once, and are simultaneously submitted to his authoritative criticism.

George Wood cut through thirty pages of the volume he held in his hand, then went to the end and cut backwards, then returned to the place he had reached the first time and cut through the middle of the book. It was his invariable system and he found that it succeeded very well.

"It is not well done," he said to himself, quoting Johnson; "but one is surprised to see it done at all. What can you expect for fifty cents?"

China Hunting.

From Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's "China Collecting in America." (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

My dearly loved friend, Charles Lamb, wrote, in his "Essays of Elia," "I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire first for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery. I have no repugnance for those little lawless azure-tinted grotesques that, under the notion of men and women, float about uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china teacup." In that partiality for old china I humbly join, and it is of the search through New England for such dear old china loves, and of the gathered treasures of those happy china hunts, that I write.

China hunting is a true "midsummer madness." When grass grows green and "daffodils begin to peer" my fancy lightly turns to thoughts of china. Hot waxes the fever as crawls up the summer sun; fierce and fiercer rages the passion and the hunt, till autumn touches with her cold though glorious hand the trees and fields. Then doth my madness wane and chase grow dull, and icy winter finds me sane and calm, till charming spring returns to witch me to "mine own lunes" once again.

Thus is every china captive of that mad summer chase aglow to me with summer suns and beauty—not a dull, lifeless clod of moulded, painted clay, but glorious, idealized token of long, warm halcyon days too quickly passed, of "yesterdays that look backward with a smile."

Were the possession of old or valuable specimens of porcelain and pottery, or even of happy memories of "days of joyance," the only good things which came from the long hours of country ranging and farm-house searching spent in our china quests, Philistines might perhaps scoff at the waste of time and energy; but much else that is good have I found. Insight into human nature, love of my native country, knowledge of her natural beauties, acquaintance with her old landmarks and historical localities, familiarity with her history, admiration of her noble military and naval

heroes, and study of the ancient manners, customs and traditions of her early inhabitants have all been fostered, strengthened and indeed almost brought into existence by the search after and study of old china. How vague and dull were my school-day history-lesson memories of Perry, of Lawrence, of Decatur, until I saw their likenesses on some hideous Liverpool pitchers! Then I read eagerly every word of history, every old song and ballad about them. How small was my knowledge of old "table manners" and table furnishings until I discovered, through my china studies, how our ancestors ate and served their daily meals! How little I knew of the shy romance and the deep-lying though sombre sentiment in New England country life, until it was revealed to me in the tradition of many a piece of old china. How entirely powerless was I to discover the story of human nature as told in the countenance until my inquiries after old china made me a second Lavater in regarding the possibilities of successful purchase in case the questioned one chanced to own any old porcelain heirlooms! How few of our noble woods and valley roads had I seen until I drove through them searching for old farm-houses that might contain some salvage of teacups or teapots! And not only do we learn of America through our china hunts, but of England as well; for nearly all of our old table-ware was English, and the history of the production of English china can be traced as easily in New England as in Old England. Few of the more costly pieces came here, but humbler specimens show equally well the general progress of the manufacture.



PROVINCE HOUSE PITCHER.

From "China Collecting in America." (Copyright, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

LET nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do.
Lose not a chance to waken love;
Be firm, and just, and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

—From "Small Helps for To-Day." (Roberts.)

A Domestic Crisis.

From Anna Fuller's "Pratt Portraits." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

ANSON PRATT was a fine-looking man, an advantage of which he himself made very little account. If he had been told that he had more actual beauty than his wife he would have been much offended. It was nevertheless a fact, and one which Emmeline knew and gloried in. To-night as she glanced at his handsome face in the half-light cast by the second-best lamp, a sudden misgiving seized her. The face was not at its best. The finely marked brows were contracted, the eyes looked nearer together than was quite becoming, the lips were so tightly compressed as to seem thinner than usual. Decidedly, Anson was out of sorts. Oh! what was it this time? Was it buttons? Or was it fat in the gravy? or—

"Emmeline," Anson said, in a slightly constrained voice, "I have been making up my mind about something for a long time, and now my mind is made up."

This was evidently a more serious matter than buttons or gravy, and Emmeline's courage revived, as it had a way of doing in the face of a real trouble.

"What is it, Anson? Do you think you'll have to take a partner after all?"

"Something like it," he answered, avoiding her eyes as he spoke. "I've engaged a housekeeper."

"A what?"

"A housekeeper?"

"Engaged a housekeeper? Why, Anson, what do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I say. I've engaged the woman sister Harriet was telling us about. She's coming to-morrow afternoon."

"Coming here to keep house for you? To take my place?"

"She's coming here to keep this house."

Emmeline had grown very white.

"Why have you taken such a step without consulting me?"

"Because I was sure you would object, and I didn't want any discussion."

"But, Anson, what do you want of a housekeeper?"

"What most folks want of a housekeeper. To have the house kept." Anson was desperately afraid that his wife would persuade him to abandon his plan, and before she could interpose he had armed himself from top to toe in his grievances.

"I have borne a great deal, Emmeline. I've lived for seven years without any of the comforts of a home. There isn't a man in Dunbridge who has had so much to put up with as I. And I've made up my mind that I'm not going to stand it another day. I'm going to try for once what it is like to have a clean house and whole clothes and something fit to eat."

"You've lived for seven years without the comforts of a home? Do you mean that, Anson?"

"I mean just that."

"And there isn't a man in Dunbridge who has been so badly off as you?"

"In some respects, no! There isn't a man in Dunbridge that is as badly off as I."

Emmeline got up from her chair and walked about the room with swift, nervous movements. Anson kept his seat and kept his determination.

At last Emmeline came back and knelt down beside his chair.

There were very few women of her day and generation who could have knelt down in just that supplicating way, and very few voices that could have sounded so beseeching as did hers.

"Anson, won't you please give me one more trial? Won't you please tell that woman not to come?"

"No, I won't," he answered stolidly. "I've made up my mind to have a little comfort, and I've engaged Mrs. Beach for a month, beginning to-morrow."

"But, Anson, for my sake, for both our sakes, tell her not to come. Oh, Anson! I cannot bear it! I am sure I cannot bear it—please—please don't let her come."

Her tone of passionate entreaty was too intense to move him. It seemed to him like play-acting.

"I tell you, Emmeline," he said, getting up and leaving her kneeling there beside his chair, "the thing is done, and I'm not going to undo it. It's no more than my right to have at least a month's comfort, and I'm going to have it."

He felt that in saying "at least a month" he had made a great concession.

As he turned away Emmeline got up from her knees and steadied herself against the back of the chair. The blood had rushed back into her white cheeks, and her eyes had an unnatural light in them. But she spoke with a great deal of self-command.

"Anson," she said, and he turned and looked at her. "Anson, you will have to choose between us—I will not stay with you one hour after that woman comes into the house."

"And where shall you go?"

"I don't know. I suppose to mother's. But that is of no consequence. As long as I cannot be your housekeeper, you will have to choose. You can have your new housekeeper, or you can have me, but you can't have both. Oh, Anson, please don't drive me out of the house like this," she cried, coming toward him and putting both hands on his arm.

He remembered the streak of dust that had been there the evening before.

"Nonsense," Emmeline," he said, impatiently, shaking off her hands. "Don't be so theatrical. I've engaged the woman, and she's coming, and that's all there is about it. If you've a mind to fly into a passion, I can't help it. Only one thing I must insist upon!" he added, sharply. "That you stay in your own house where you belong."

"Nevertheless I shall go."

There was a tone of quiet self-assertion in her voice that Anson had never heard before, and he suddenly felt himself in a white heat of anger.

"I forbid you to leave the house!" he cried.

The Bohemian Dancer.—La Juwa.

From "Cortlandt Laster, Capitalist." (Laird & L.)

"HERE she comes ! Here she comes !"

The hall was wide and deep, gaudily decorated, and with a row of tiny boxes instead of a gallery, each box enclosed in half drawn plush hangings of a dead-gold hue. In spiral clouds the smoke of tobacco rose up to the clusters of incandescent lights dotting the dome-shaped ceiling, whilst the clinking of glasses and the voices of the drinkers drowned the first chords of the starting orchestra. This is the "Gaiety," the latest and best patronized New York imitation of the London music-halls or the Paris *cafés-concerts*, and the woman who now awaits the leader's signal is the world-famed Bohemian dancer, *La Juwa*, the star attraction of this year's season.

Before and since, many a troop of so-called Bohemian performers have trod the stages of American variety theatres ; none of them ever honestly entitled to the proud appellation of Bohemians or Tziganes. And although more than one society lady manifested an almost dangerous enthusiasm for this lion-maned violinist, or that heavily-mustached cymbalum player, the sad fact remains that their adoration and their jewelled offerings were thrown at the feet of ill-disguised Teutons. So much for these cast-off Leipzig or Stuttgart *virtuosi*, parading, under false pretences, as the sons of that extraordinary people, the very origin of which is the embodiment of a dread mystery.

Maroussia *La Juwa*—in plain English, Mary the Gypsy, the favorite—the "craze," as they say—of the pleasure-seeking New Yorkers of that year, may have been twenty-three or twenty-five years of age, and, if she is to be depicted in one word, she was undoubtedly ugly. A small head, with a low, contracted brow, beady eyes of intense black, thick protruding lips, and a nose which had more of the Kalmouck type than is generally found in her race. The expression of the face was severe, even harsh, almost cruel ; and the curve of the mouth, the nostrils, disclosed none of those vibrations which correspond with the softer sensations of woman's inner being. Such was *La Juwa* at rest. Never a smile, never a look that gave forth, or called for sympathy, never a moist film over the brightness of the shining eyes—a true reflection of some metallic mirror.

But *La Juwa* in action, *La Juwa* dancing, was another creature from *La Juwa* at rest. Look and listen ; she begins now. After the first few bars the orchestra is silenced, and behind her, crouched rather than seated upon the last step of the background stairs, you perceive a strange being, a small boy or dwarf, a tambourine in his hands, and clad in something that looks, to the untrained eye, like a multicolored and shapeless bundle of rags. Beside this uninviting garb you see nothing of him but an enormous head all black hair and eyes, and long bony hands striking his drum, around which hang bunches of amulets, brass rings, scarabs, coppers and coins.

And then *La Juwa* touches with her lips a slender, double-piped flute or clarinet, and blowing softly, without an effort or a contraction, begins, almost imperceptibly, to move her feet to the sounds of her own music. Her thick braids, coiled over her head in a huge mass,

are held together by a broad, diadem-like, gold band ; and over her short, clinging skirt of red and yellow Indian stuffs, quaintly pieced together, a silver-spangled muslin veil wraps her up from neck to ankle, attached here and there with some enormous gold-headed pins.

To the music of tambourine and flute, now soft and almost inaudible, now furious and raging like a simoon over the sand-hillocks of the Sahara, but always confined to five or six notes modulated in a tone of unspeakable melancholy—she dances, at first in a slow, stately rhythm, which hardly displaces her feet.

It seems a very little thing to describe, these five minutes of Bohemian dance, and indeed from such a description no idea can be formed of the extraordinary effect this performance produced upon the public—that common-place, uncultured public of a pretentious variety show. Still the fact was there ; the crowd sat spell-bound, in absolute silence, almost breathless, hypnotized. Softer and softer, lower and lower, like threads of infinite tenuity, grew the sound of the flute and the grumbling of the tambourine ; and the little feet hardly moved now ; and the voluptuousness of the head and bust had the weakness of satiety ; and the eyes gradually extinguished their fire ; and the ecstatic smile vanished from the rich, red lips—and, like a hugh butterfly, arose the coupled wings of the stage screen. *La Juwa* was gone.

Awake at last, and madly howling, the public rises like one man and applauds, applauds, applauds. In answer to the stamping, the clapping, the shrieking, the stage-manager steps in front of the drop and says :

"By a special clause in her contract, *La Juwa* is to appear but once a day, and never to acknowledge calls. I have the honor of thanking the public, in her name."

A gesture starts the orchestra on the next number, and the growling of the displeased audience is soon drowned under the banging and bugling of the "Boulanger March."

Adrift.

From "A Younger Sister," by the author of "The Atelier du Lys." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

WHEN *Guenola* had first landed there was a broken glitter upon the dark water, and the trees reflected in it were pictured in its depths as dark masses, but while she was paying her visit all had changed. The hills seemed now retiring into distance, drawing back and veiling themselves, and whereas earlier every stone and rock and crack in them had looked hard and distinct, all was now blended together ; the wind had entirely dropped, not a breath came even from the dale nearly opposite, though generally sudden gusts were apt to rush thence, as if a breeze especially belonging to that spot dwelt there, and broke forth in brief furies. The lake was without color, and quite still, and mists were creeping over its surface and hanging on the fells.

To one bred and born in *Hepdale* these things spoke plainly enough ; the shepherd's wife had been well aware of a coming change in the weather, and when *Guenola* said she must not stay, had nodded and answered, "Aye, best not," but being a taciturn woman, like most of the dalesfolk, and considering

Guenola's doings none of her affair, said no more, and indeed might well have supposed that the aspect of land and water spoke for itself. But when Guenola had her mind occupied, she was capable of cutting her best friend or embracing her worst enemy with equal unconscionness, and she settled herself in the boat seeing no warning anywhere.

Nor did she notice that the noisy game of the children had ceased, and that two or three of the youngest were slyly watching her from behind the bushes growing by the beck which flowed into the lake near the stony spot where she had moored her boat.

A visitor to Langdale was too rare not to be made the most of, and the children peeped round the bushes, nudging one another and giggling as they saw her lying in the boat with her head pillowed on her arm. Encouraged by her stillness, they gradually came nearer, and one, advancing before the rest, stretched out his neck as far as he could to see her, and then looking back with a broad grin, announced in a delighted whisper the remarkable fact that the lady was asleep.

"Weel, aa nivver!" said the others, stealing up amid much tittering, and they stared until a little imp, the genius of the party, got hold of that dangerous thing, an original idea, and, with his hand over his mouth to stifle his laughter, looked a warning to his companions to keep still, and advanced stealthily out of the shelter of the alder bushes.

All eyes were fixed on him in breathless expectation, for Joe Lander, though almost the youngest of the children, was the acknowledged leader in all mischief, and a half frightened, half admiring murmur ran through the group, now increased by several more youngsters, as they realized what he was about, and saw him approach the boat, and noiselessly lift the stones piled on the chain; coiling it up in his hand, with occasional pauses to make sure that the sleeping Guenola had not roused up, he laid it softly on a cushion, and then gave a shove which sent the boat drifting out into the lake, after which the whole party took to their heels and scampered up the dale, only pausing when near home, when with one accord they turned, and looked for the boat. The currents had already drifted it out far into the lake, and the gathering mists hid it from sight even before it passed round the great shoulder of hill towards which it was drifting. The conspirators looked at one another conscience-stricken, and went indoors, not the first who have been alarmed by the success of their plot.

MY SUMMER.

From Mrs. Moulton's "Swallow Flights." (Roberts.)

Do you think the summer will ever come,
With white of lily and flush of rose—
With the warm, bright days of joy and June,
So long as you dream they will never close?

Will the birds, atill on the bending boughs,
Sing out their hearts in a mad delight;
And the golden butterflies, sun-suffused,
Shimmer and shine from morn till night?

Do you think my summer will ever come,
With brow of lily and cheek of rose?
Shall I hold her fast—my Joy, my June—
And dream that my day will never close?

Will she mock the birds on the bending boughs
(For her voice is music—my heart's delight),
Or be content, like the butterflies,
In the sun of my love from morn till night?

The Comical Crow Baby.

From Olive Thorne Miller's "Little Brothers of the Air." (Houghton.)

WE are accustomed to regard the crow as a grave and solemn personage with a serious rôle in life; and indeed life is such a constant warfare to him that I cannot see how he finds any enjoyment in it. Lowell says of him at one period:

"The crow is very comical as a lover, and to hear him try to soften his croak to the proper Saint Preux standard has something the effect of a Mississippi boatman quoting Tennyson."

If he is droll as a lover, he is much more entertaining as an infant. The first I knew of the new use of the pasture, I heard one morning a strange cry. It was loud and persistent, and sounded marvelously like "Ma-a! Ma-a!" Mingled with it I heard the vigorous cries of crows.

I looked over into the pasture, and there I first saw the crow baby, nearly as big and black as his mamma, but with no tail to speak of. He sat—not stood—on the rail fence, bawling at the top of his hoarse baby-voice, "Ma! Ma! Ma!" and as he grew impatient he uttered it faster and faster and louder and louder, drawing in his breath between the cries, and making it more like "Wah! Wah!" Whenever mamma flew over he followed her movement with his eyes, turning his head, and showing an eager, almost painful interest, till some one took pity on him and fed him. As he saw food approaching his voice ran up several tones higher, in laughable imitation of a human baby cry. This note is of course the promise of a "caw," but the *a* is flattened to the sound of *a* in bar, which makes it a ludicrous caricature of our own first utterances.

But sometimes mamma did not heed the cries, and sailed calmly by, alighting a few rails beyond her hungry infant, though he held out his fluttering wings in the bird-baby's begging way, exactly as does a young warbler who wouldn't be a mouthful for him. Then the little fellow would start up on unsteady legs, to walk the rail to reach her, balancing himself with outspread wings, and when he got beside her, put his beak to hers in a coaxing way that I don't see how any mother could resist. But this wise dame had evidently hardened her heart. She probably wanted him to learn to help himself, for she dropped to the ground, and went wading about in the wet grass and mud, and at length flew off without giving him a morsel. Then the disappointed youngster cuddled up to a brother crow baby, and both lifted up their voices and lamented the emptiness of the cold, cold world.

Perhaps the most comical performance of this clumsy baby was his way of alighting on a fence when he had been flying. He seized the board with his claws, which clung for dear life, while his body went on as it was going, with the result almost of a somersault. He tried to learn, however. He made great efforts to master the vagaries of fences, the irregularities of the ground, the peculiarities of branches. He persistently walked the rail fence, though he had to spread both wings to keep his balance. Then he climbed to the top of the rail which stood up at the corners, and maintained his position with great effort, but never gave up the attempt.

Kidnapped!

From A. L. Glyn's "Fifty Pounds for a Wife." (Holt.)

AT last Winifred heard the barking of a dog, lights appeared amongst the trees, and passing through an archway she found herself in a small room, where an old man and woman bowed low to Sir Rawdon, who addressed them in rapid French.

"Madame had arrived," he told them; "but she had been very violent upon the journey, and they had been forced to bind her to prevent her from attempting her life. If the rooms were ready, he would at once proceed up-stairs."

"But yes, the rooms were quite prepared; they had received monsieur's *dépêche*. Poor madame!" and they glanced commiseratingly at Winifred's eyes and forehead, which were all that could be seen from the folds of the cloak by which she was enveloped. "And monsieur had no fear to be alone with her?" the old woman asked.

"No, monsieur could manage her;" and a grim smile played round Sir Rawdon's lips. "She might scream, but that was nothing; madwomen always screamed. They must not be alarmed at the sound."

And then he bade the old man take his candle and light them up the stairs.

The sailors, with their burden, followed the light through a stone passage, cold and clammy as a vault, and up a steep, winding staircase, to the door of a long, low room, with windows sunk in the thickness of the walls. They crossed it, the dark polished boards echoing to their tread, and through a low-arched door entered a bedroom beyond, where, at a sign from Sir Rawdon, they laid the girl, still bound and gagged, upon a couch placed against the wall.

"You may go," he said in Italian to the men. "*Bon soir, Pierre!*" and having seen the three out of the room, he locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

"What do you think of my prison, Winifred?" he said, returning to her side. "It is not the first time this old castle has been put to such a use. There are strange tales told of Château Noir, and few people care to approach the place at night. I hardly fancy you will escape me here."

He stooped and unbound her ankles, then her mouth, and lastly released her hands, when, with a spring that almost threw him off his balance, the girl started to her feet, and struggled so desperately to free herself from his grasp that she succeeded in snatching a heavy silver candlestick from the table and aiming a fierce blow at his head.

He dashed it from her hand.

"You vixen," he said; "you will be tame enough to-morrow;" and holding her by the shoulders, he looked with a cruel smile into her face, wild with fear and horror.

She threw out her hands against his chest, exerting her utmost strength to keep him at arm's-length; and for a moment they stood thus, face to face, while in the sudden stillness Winifred could hear the beating of her heart and the ticking of the watch she wore in a bracelet on her wrist. Her eyes were fastened on that pallid, mocking face, and little by little, as she looked, she saw a mysterious change pass over the haughty features. The deep-set eyes seemed to glow and darken with a strange smouldering fire, the pencilled brows contracted,

the nostrils dilated and the lips receded from the white, even teeth as the lips of a dog are drawn back in act to bite. From the broad brow the resolution and purpose faded, to be replaced by a blind, senseless rage; the smouldering fire in the eyes beneath it burst into flame—no longer of human intelligence and reason, but blazing with murderous hate and fury; and as she watched, the eyeballs seemed convulsed, and rolled until little but the whites were visible. In one horrible instant Winifred realized the truth—she was looking into the face of a madman!

Her eyes had caught and held him for the moment spell-bound by her gaze. She felt her power, and threw all her strength of will into the look she kept fixed upon his face; and for what seemed to her an age-long eternity, they stood gazing thus in each other's eyes. Then a sudden noise startled the girl's already overstrained nerves; for one second her gaze wavered, and her power was at an end.

She heard a cry like a wild beast darting on its prey, felt herself flung backwards on the couch, and uttered a shriek, which was abruptly cut short by the grip of the madman's hands upon her throat.

Welcome the Returning Friends!

From Margaret Sidney's "Five Little Peppers Grown Up." (Lothrop.)

"AND now," said Mother Fisher, dropping her arms and resuming her usual cheery manner, "you and I, Charlotte, have got to put our minds on getting ready for the Whitneys and the home-coming, and we must make it just the brightest time that ever was. I'm no good at thinking up ways to celebrate," added Mrs. Fisher, with a little laugh, "Polly always did that; so you must do it for me, you and the doctor, Charlotte. And you better run in to his office now and make a beginning, for next week will come before we know it," and with a motherly pat and a "run along, child," Mrs. Fisher waited to see Charlotte well on the way before she turned to her own duties.

"Come in!" cried little Dr. Fisher, as he rapped at the office door. "Oh, it's you, Charlotte," with a sigh of relief; "I'm sure I don't feel much like dragging on my boots and going off to the Land's End to-night on a call."

"Mrs. Fisher thought I ought to come and see you, sir, about getting up a plan to celebrate the home-coming next week," said Charlotte, feeling her heart bounding already with delight. Would they really be all together in a week?

"Now that's something like," exclaimed Dr. Fisher joyfully, and pushing aside with a reckless hand his books and vials on the table; "sit down, do, Charlotte; there," as Charlotte settled her long figure in the opposite chair. "Now then!"

"I never got up a plan to celebrate anything in my life," said Charlotte, folding her hands in dismay.

"Nor I either," confessed the little doctor in an equal tremor, "Polly was always great at those things. But I suppose that's the reason my wife set us two together, Charlotte, for she's the wisest of women, and perhaps we ought to learn how to get up celebrations."

"If only Phronsie were home," breathed Charlotte wistfully. "I'm so afraid our affair will be worse than nothing."

"I dare say," replied the little doctor cheerfully, "but we can try, and that goes a great way, Charlotte—trying does."

Charlotte drew a long breath and moved uneasily in her chair. "If we only knew how to begin," she said at last doubtfully.

"I've always found," said Dr. Fisher, springing from his chair, "that all you had to do to start a thing was to—begin."

"Yes, that's just it," ruminated Charlotte, bringing up her hands to hold her head with, "I think we are in a tight place, Dr. Fisher."

"Hum, that may be," assented the little man, "I like tight places. Now, then, Charlotte, how do you say begin?"

Charlotte sat lost in thought for a minute, then she said, "Any way, I think it would be best for us to get up something very simple, so long as we are beginners."

"I think so too," agreed Dr. Fisher, "so that's settled. Now for the first thing; what do you say we should do, Charlotte?"

The Mother-in-Law of a Giant.

From George R. Sims' *Memoirs of a Mother-in-Law.*
(The Waverly Co.)

"MISS SABINA'S young man?"

Those were the words that struck my horrified ear one morning when, absolutely without the slightest idea of listening, I accidentally overheard a conversation between the housemaid and the cook in the housemaid's pantry. I had gone downstairs into the kitchen to see the oven, cook always complaining that it was the oven's fault when the pies and cakes, etc., were sent up to table either half baked or burnt to a cinder.

I have had a good many years' experience of housekeeping now, and I have never yet found an oven and a cook that exactly suited each other. My oven is too slow for some cooks and too quick for others.

I know what the cooks say about the oven, but I wonder what the oven would say about the cooks if it could speak.

Sabina was upstairs playing the piano in the morning-room, and singing some absurd thing in Italian or German—both languages are the same to me, for I am not ashamed to say that in my younger days girls were not expected to know more than their own language and a little French, but my eldest daughter Sabina, and my second daughter Maud, "the beauty of the family," as her brothers and sisters call her, are really very clever linguists, reading Italian and German, and speaking it remarkably well though up to the present it has not been of much use to them, except to enable them to talk together occasionally without letting me know what they are saying.

I have always been proud of my daughter Sabina's many accomplishments, and I am not ashamed to confess that I always looked forward to her making a good marriage. At the time I received my terrible shock from the housemaid's pantry, Sabina was just eighteen, and though her father would sometimes say "I suppose we shall be having Sabina engaged presently," I had not seriously thought of her being sought in marriage by any one.

When I entered the morning-room and saw Sabina seated at the piano, my mind had for a moment reverted to her early school escapades, and I had a momentary idea—absurd, of course

—that perhaps some deaf and dumb alphabet business had been going on.

I hesitated to ask Sabina about it. I didn't like to say to my child that I had heard the servants talking about her, and so I stood in the doorway hesitating. Sabina evidently did not notice me, for she went on singing, when all of a sudden I saw Tommy crawl out quietly from under the table with a horrible thing they call a scratchback—where the boy got it from goodness knows—and before I could utter a sound he was behind her and scraped the thing right down her back. Sabina gave a shriek and almost leaped into the air—I'm sure I should have shrieked, too—then turning round she caught sight of Tommy.

"Oh, you little wretch," she shrieked, and in her temper she gave him a tremendous box on the ear.

Tommy is a brave boy, but the tears came into his eyes and he clenched his fist.

"You coward!" he cried, "you know you're a girl and a man can't hit a woman, but I'll pay you out for it. The first time I meet your lamp-post in the street I'll hit him, and then he'll have to fight me."

"You little wretch; what do you mean by my lamp-post?"

"Oh, yes, just as if you didn't know. I saw him walking up and down in front of the house yesterday, looking up at the window and grinning. Yes; and you waved your hand to him. Ah, you think I don't know. Wait till ma finds it out, that's all. She'll lamp-post him. She'll give him a bit of her mind."

That was more than I could stand, so I hurried into the room and I said, "Sabina, what is the meaning of all this? What on earth does Tommy mean about a lamp-post?"

Sabina turned the color of a peony, and Tommy gave a little whistle.

"Now, Tommy," I said, "be good enough to explain. Who is Sabina's lamp-post?"

"Excuse me, ma," said Master Tom, drawing himself up, "but a fellow never splits on a girl—it isn't cricket."

"I don't care," I said, "whether it's cricket or football or marbles, or only battledore and shuttlecock; I mean to know. Perhaps, Sabina, you will be good enough to explain."

"Oh, mamma, it's—it's only Tommy's nonsense," exclaimed my daughter, half sobbing. "Let me go to my room, please, ma. That bad boy frightened me so, and I feel faint."

"Very well, my dear, go to your room by all means," I said, calmly, "but when you feel better I shall expect you to come down with a full explanation of who the lamp-post is who looks up at your window, and to whom you wave your hand. I may tell you, I have heard something of this before."

"Oh, mamma, dear mamma, don't be angry, and I—I'll tell you everything presently; but let me go now, please."

"Sabina my child," I said kindly, drawing her to me, and laying her head on my shoulder, "don't distress yourself. I am not cross—only there must be no secrets between us, my child, especially in a matter of this sort, for I presume the lamp-post your brother refers to is a young man. There, my dear, go to your room now; calm yourself, and when you feel better come to me, and we'll have a quiet chat in my own little room."

Sabina, who was always a most tender-

hearted girl, fairly broke down when I spoke so quietly, having, I suppose, expected a storm, though why my children always expect I am going to fly out I can't imagine; and putting her handkerchief to her eyes went out of the room.

Tommy followed her, looking very crest-fallen; and outside I heard him say to her, "Sabby, I am so sorry; upon my honor, I am. I didn't know the mater was there, or I'd have bitten my tongue out sooner than have blabbed. Don't cry, Sabby; and when you come down you shall punch me as hard as ever you like, and I'll never call Gus Walkinshaw lamp-post again!"

"Gus Walkinshaw!" I stood rooted to the spot with horror. Gus Walkinshaw, the son of our vicar, a young man without the slightest expectation in the world, for he had several elder brothers, and six feet two high in his stockings; not, of course, that I ever saw him in them, but my boys have told me that was his height; and he was the being alluded to by my son Tommy as "the lamp-post," and by my cook and housemaid as "Miss Sabina's young man."

Six feet two and no expectations, and my daughter Sabina was the shortest of all my family—being barely five feet.

No wonder I shuddered. If there was one thing which I had *not* contemplated it was being the mother-in-law of a giant.

Pastimes of Ladies.

From Mrs. Sherwood's "Art of Entertaining." (Dodd Mead & Co.)

THE *London Times* says that the present season has seen "driving jump to a great height of favor amongst fashionable women."

It is a curious expression, but enlightens us as to the liberty which even so great an authority takes with our common language. There is no doubt of the fact that the pony phaeton and the pair of ponies are becoming a great necessity to an energetic woman. The little pony and the Ralli cart, as a ladies' pastime, is a familiar figure in the season at Newport, at a thousand country places, at the seaside, in our own Central Park, and all through the West and South.

It has been much more the custom for ladies in the West and South to drive themselves, than for those at the North; consequently they drive better. Only those who know how to drive well ought ever to attempt it, for they not only endanger their own lives, but a dozen other lives. Whoever has seen a runaway carriage strike another vehicle, and has beheld the breaking up, can realize for the first time the tremendous force of an object in motion. The little Ralli cart can become a battering-ram of prodigious force.

No form of recreation is so useful and so becoming as horseback exercise. No Englishwoman looks so well as when turned out for out-of-door exercise. And our American women, who buy their habits and hats in London, are getting to have the same *chic*. Indeed, so immensely superior is the London habit considered, the French circus-women who ride in the Bois, making so great a sensation, go over to London to have their habits made, and thus return the compliment which English ladies pay

to Paris in having all their dinner-gowns and tea-gowns made there. Perhaps disliking this sort of copy, the Englishwomen are becoming careless of their appearance on horseback, and are coming out in a straw hat, a covert coat, and a cotton skirt.

The soft felt hat has long been a favorite on the Continent, at watering-places for the English; and it is much easier for the head. Still, in case of a fall it does not save the head like a hard, masculine hat.

We have not yet, as a nation, taken to cycling for women; but many Englishwomen go all over the globe on a tricycle. A husband and wife are often seen on a tricycle near London, and women who lead sedentary lives, in offices and schools, enjoy many of their Saturday afternoons in this way.

Boating needs to be cultivated in America. It is a superb exercise for developing a good figure; and to manage a punt has become a common accomplishment for the riverside girls. Ladies have regattas on the Thames.

Fencing, which many actresses learn, is a very admirable process for developing the figure. The young Princesses of Wales are adepts in this. It requires an outfit consisting of a dainty tunic reaching to the knees, a fencing-jacket of soft leather with tight sleeves, gauntlet gloves, a mask, a pair of foils, and costing about fifteen dollars.

American women as a rule are not fond of walking. There must be something in the nature of an attraction or a duty to rouse our delicate girls to walk. They will not do it for their health alone. Gymnastic teaching is, however, giving them more strength, and it would be well if in every family of daughters there were some calisthenic training, to develop the muscles, and to induce a more graceful walk.

To teach a girl to swim is almost a duty, and such splendid physical exercises will have a great influence over that nervous distress which our climate produces with its over-fulness of oxygen.

If girls do not like to walk, they all like to dance, and it is not intended as a pun when we mention that "a great jump" has been made back to the old-fashioned dancing, in which freedom of movement is allowed. Those who saw Mary Anderson's matchless grace in the "Winter's Tale" all tried to go and dance like her, and to see Ellen Terry's spring as the pretty Olivia teaches one how entirely beautiful is this strong command of one's muscles. From the German cotillon back to the Virginia reel is indeed a bound.

"DESULTORY READING."

O FINEST essence of delicious rest!

To bid for some short space the busy mill
Of anxious, ever-grinding thought be still;
And let the weary brain and throbbing breast
Be by another's cooling hand caressed.

This volume in my hand, I hold a charm
Which lifts me out of reach of wrong or harm.
I sail away from trouble; and, most blessed
Of every blessing, can myself forget:

Can rise above the instance, low and poor,
Into the mighty law that governs yet.

This hinged cover, like a well-hung door,
Shuts out the noises of the jangling day,
These fair leaves fan unwelcome thoughts away.

—F. M. P. in the *London Spectator*.

Any book or article mentioned in this paper supplied at the shortest notice.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING,

Mentioned or advertised elsewhere in this issue, with select lists of other suitable reading. The abbreviations of publishers' names will guide to the advertisements, frequently containing descriptive notes.

For other books of a more general character, suitable for summer reading, see the publishers' advertisements.

THE NEW NOVELS.

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 Adams, Mrs. L., My land of Beulah, pap., 50c. *Lippincott*
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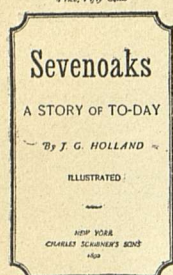
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